

General Info

Name: Korhelavin Auvreana (Black Storm of Tears in the Blood of the Night)

Race: Dark Elf

Class: Rogue

Background: Soldier - officer and assassin

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Physical description: Female, 5'6" tall, 145 lbs. 230 years old. Slender, muscled build. Obsidian skin and pale red eyes. Long stark white hair with bangs grazing over her browline. She wears a deep green commoner's shirt and brown jerkin, brown thief's leather gloves, brown thief's leather grieves over black breeches, and black thief's leather boots. She dons a hooded jacket to cover her hair and wears a mask to cover her face and conceal her Drow heritage. She is often seen wearing steampunk goggles to protect her eyes from the bright daylight and conceal their red hue.

She travels well-armed and well-provisioned. Her horse, Rasheena, carries her across the land, while her pack mule, Antina, allows her to have everything she needs while traveling as she never knows if she will stay in one place long or return there. She favors her crossbow or her short sword, though she is skilled with many weapons and is very resourceful. She believes in strength, both physical and mental, and considers herself shrewd and fearless in battle.

Backstory

Born into the powerful Drow House of Auvreana in the Underchasm city of Rathgaunt Mote, Korhelavin entered the house army at age 103, determined to become a fierce warrior instead of a priestess. Displaying a knack for stealthy attacks, she soon rose up the ranks making first lieutenant in only 12 years. She became known for her cunning and her fearlessness, as well as her capacity for torment to those who tried to oppose her. She was the most lethal of the house assassins. Her raids left more surface dwellers dead than others and she habitually brought back fewer slaves. Others believed her disdain of other races was such that she didn't deem them worthy even to servitude. It was rumored she had more contempt for the idea of slavery than the race of the slave, as she had only those assigned to her by the house elders, and those two were treated more as pets than servants. She seemed to develop an especially unusual bond with a goblin female known as Lestridia. Nevertheless, the Auvreana flourished during the years she was a high ranking officer.

Eventually, the jealousy of the Drow Houses of Mizzrym, Xorlarrin, Faen Tlabbar, and Barrison Del'Armgo spurred them into action against the House of Auvreana. Despite the strength of the Auvreana garrison, the sheer numbers of the other Houses combined destroyed them. Many of the Drow of the house were killed in battle or shortly thereafter. Korhelavin, renowned soldier that she was, was chained and made to watch her remaining kin be slaughtered, oftentimes in

cruel and torturous fashion. She watched her parents and siblings, nieces, nephews, and cousins, friends and comrades die before her, screaming, begging with their eyes when they could no longer form words for the pain to end. Her special bond with her goblin known, she was forced to stand chained to the rocks as she watched Lestridia beaten, raped, and slashed at by a group of House of Xorlarrin warriors before being thrown, still alive, to a trio of riding lizards that tore her apart as the victorious Houses revelled in her shrieks of anguish. Korhelavin's rage and hatred grew with every cry of grief.

The rumors of her disdain for slavery known throughout Rathgaunt Mote, she and other nobles of those were kept as slaves by the other houses as a form of punishment for their prosperity. Korhelavin was taken by the House of Xorlarrin to serve the very ones that brutalized Lestridia and forced to perform the most menial and degrading of tasks, bound by heavy chains to prevent her escape, her hatred for her captors growing daily.

The chains the rival houses placed on her to weaken her served as daily strength training she would need for her escape. Her opportunity came two years after her house was destroyed and her kin exterminated, save for those in captivity, when an arrogant child of her master, barely entering his adulthood, presumed her too weak to fight and decided he was going to rape her after chaining her to his bed in order to give her "what a filthy Auvreana" deserved. She saw the keys in his hand and wrapped the chain of her shackles around his neck before he could react. He slumped at her feet as she undid the locks.

Korhelavin quickly rummaged through his belongings, outfitting herself in leather armor, boots, and gloves, stealing his pack and some light weaponry. Attaching one dagger to her hip and a short sword across her back, she held the rapier and a second dagger in each hand as she crept through the darkness of the compound.

She slit the throats of four guards as she came up behind them, never allowing them to make a sound before extinguishing their lives. With each kill Korhelavin felt her bloodlust for the House of Xorlarrin rise. However, her many years in the Auvreanan army held her at bay. She knew one elf could not defeat a House, no matter how strong the rage. She slipped unseen into the catacombs and made her way to the surface as quickly as she could before her absence was noticed or the bodies discovered.

She emerged into the glaring midday sun. Though painful to her eyes, she knew it afforded her time before a party from the house would emerge to hunt for her. They would find the bodies soon and she had to put distance between the entrance to the underground and herself. She ran through the forest, staying to the trees and their protective cover as much as she could. Her darksight was no use to her in the bright light of day. She soon happened upon a traveler who took one look at her and fled screaming. He left his supplies and more importantly, his horse.

Korhelavin wasted no time in gathering his supplies and mounting his horse and riding as far and as fast as she could, making sure to stay off the known raiding routes of the Drow. She

stopped at twilight, the horse near exhaustion. She went into her elven trance for about two hours and gathered the somewhat rested horse and rode off again. The night was upon them and while it was her friend, it would also allow those hunting her to move more quickly. She pressed on until the first rays of dawn began to appear. Only then did she investigate the traveler's belongings and make a small camp near a stream. She donned his traveling cloak to protect her from the harsh rays of the sun and allowed herself to slip into her elven trance for an extended time to properly rest herself. When she emerged, she made use of the whetstone in the pack to sharpen her stolen weaponry, just in case she came across something that required it.

Allowing the horse to properly rest after a full night of riding, she took the map from the backpack and tried to determine where she was, and more importantly, where she could go. Knowing the reputation her people had among the surface dwelling filth, she knew her options would be limited. She decided to stay to her current route toward Derlusk and put as much distance between the houses and her as possible. She continued her night travels and daytime rests for three days. During that time, she came to the conclusion she would need to recruit some form of surface dweller to help her get her revenge on the houses.

Her investigation of Derlusk dampened her options. The people's fear and hatred of her rivaled hers of them. Every establishment Korhelavin entered, she was greeted with silence and fear, disbelief and threats. She began to keep the cloak pulled close around her head, her gloves covering her elven hands. When she realized she would receive no help from the surface dwellers, she stole what she needed from the towns she came upon.

Two towns later, she encountered a rather brave, if stupid, human thief who complimented her efforts in Saradush and decided to make his camp next to her own. His arrogance enraged her but she knew she could not gain help if she sought to evoke only fear from those she encountered. Instead of killing him, she humored him as he drank and boasted of his accomplishments. She used his loose tongue to her advantage to find the most likely places for refuge. She assessed how she should present herself to gain the trust of the locals and how she could benefit. He eventually passed out at his campsite and she decided to go into her elven trance to rest. She rose in the early morning before dawn to find the thief trying to mount her horse. With one quick movement, her rapier was through the back of his neck and he crumpled to the ground once she withdrew it. Cursing her instinct, she quickly packed up his possessions and loaded his mule, using his mask to cover her face from whoever she may encounter.

In Riatavin she was treated more decently now that she hid her face. She found a shop that offered goggles to protect one's eyes from the light and immediately gave the shopkeep his asking price for them. Able to make a wage using her military background, she was soon in demand for private protective services. She suspected some of her employers suspected her secret, but as long as she did her job and they paid her well, it went unmentioned for months. The day came when a robust man in a dark cloak came to her seeking a specialized skill. He had someone he wanted Korhelavin to eliminate. She asked no questions when he offered her

3,000 gold pieces for the work. The job was done the following night and as she sat in the tavern enjoying a pint and some stew, a group of three large men burst into the tavern. They rushed her and she barely had time to stand and dodge the first before the second was upon her, grabbing her cloak and trying to restrain her. The third came to them just as the second tore the hood from her face. She wore no mask when she ate, preferring to keep the large hood low instead, and was now exposed for what she was. The third man stopped and Korhelavin watched the color drain from his face as she looked upon his frozen form.

“What are you waiting for?” the other asked before Korhelavin smashed his face with the back of her skull and turned to the first two, her red eyes aglow against her dark skin, her white hair flowing freely around her face. The first man lunged at her amidst cries of, “Drow!” from the other tavern patrons. Korhelavin leapt sideways and he instead crashed into his third companion. The other patrons were either running out of the tavern or rushing to get away from the fight while still being able to watch it. The second drew his sword and attacked her as the other two regrouped. She grabbed a chair just in time to deflect his blows. She retreated, drew her own short sword, and stood her ground, taunting the three men to come nearer. Her red eyes glowing, her blood coursing through her veins with the rush of battle, she never noticed Rothguard, another local protection agent, clearing the establishment of bystanders. The three men lunged at her yet again, but they were unskilled and they fell quickly.

She turned and noticed Rothguard for the first time. He held her pack and was motioning for her to put her hood up. She sheathed her sword and raised it. “We must hurry,” he whispered as he led her out of the tavern. “Cover your face.” She allowed him to usher her through the crowd outside and to the inn she was staying. There she found her horse and her mule packed and ready for her with the motherly innkeeper Korhelavin had grown fond of.

“You must leave, more will come looking for you.” Korhelavin looked to the two of them, confusion plain on her face. The innkeeper took her face in her hands. “I told you when you arrived, I know everything about my patrons. You are not like the others. Now go. They will not understand.” She embraced her and Korhelavin wrapped her arms around the tiny woman, tears escaping her eyes.

“Goodbye, Lettie,” she managed in a steady voice.

Rothguard offered her his hand. “Head for the Dragoncoast. They are more concerned with trade ability than race. Travel safely, Kor.” She thanked them again, mounted Rasheena, and set off for the Dragoncoast, her faith in surface-dwellers growing slightly.